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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

## THE GREAT NORTH POLO MATCH.

It would be well if the elder Bennett could revisit once again these shores, and cast his erstwhile oblique vision upon the inner workings of the great newspaper establishment which he founded. The "old man" was popularly supposed to know a great deal about making a daily paper which would sell. We don't know that the canny Scot was ever popularly supposed to have any especial principle, social or political, in getting up his journal. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." But he knew how and where to gather news; wherever anything was "going on" he had a chiel takin' notes, an' faith he prented them to the great benefit of his personal pocket.

But his doughty son and successor is not content with grabbing for news, he goes in for discoveries. He has already discovered Livingstone, the lost, and the heart of Africa, and now he is going for the Pole. Why he is going for the Pole is one of those very Fitznoodlish puzzlers which only Puck can find out.

The fact is, the Son of his Daddy discovered Polo and trotted it over to the leafy nooks of Jerome Park; and with that queer commixture of Sport, Journalism and Discovery which rattles behind his os frontis, he has doubtless come to the conclusion that the hitherto undiscovered icicle in the Arctic regions has something to do with prancing on mustangs after a ball—is, in fact, another sort of Polo.

But as PUCK is as fallible as even the Pope himself is, perhaps this idea of ours may be erroneous. Some years since the Second of his name warmed the cold bellies of the poor with Delmonico soup. It was a worthy act. Can it not be possible that ever since, during all the intervening years, he has been asking of his own personal intellectual department the

question: "If I made the cold warm, can I not make the hot cool?" And then he thought of the Pole, or the Polo; and he became confounded, as it were, until he bethought himself that it was Discovery, anyhow, and whether it was Pole or Polo, ice or mustang, he had only to tear leaves on which were big figures from his check-book, and the answer would be forthcoming.

And so he is off with an "Expedition," and is going to "Explore." It is popularly supposed that he has just arrived in New York to haul over his *Herald* office and officials; that he is laying out new Polo grounds in Newport; that he is paying court to the Crown Princess of Duchy-Delicatessen-and-Blutwurst, whose impecunious Dad has a fancy for the American dollar; that he is the guest of the Duke of Bar-sinister, in England, where he is waiting to shoot in September.

These be false reports, dear friends. He is steering his careening craft northward, a little west-by-east, in search of a Pole or a Polo—he doesn't know which. He pays *his* money, and you can take *your* choice.

If, as promised, the Explorer brings a junk of the Pole to this office, we will issue slices of it, as a supplement, to all our readers—a sort of quintuple PUCK.

## OUR LATEST HERO.

THOUGH Chastine Cox may be hanged for choking the life out of poor Mrs. Hull, there is no doubt that he is thoroughly enjoying himself during his last days on this globe of the universe. For he is a Hero. No statesman going to address the *Corps Legislatif*—not even Roscoe Conkling preparing to favor the Senate with the "greatest effort of his life"—could pay more attention to his toilet, could groom himself more carefully, than did this dandy darkey murderer when on trial for his life. We heard how he soaped or greased his kinky hair into a degree of smoothness; how it was parted accurately in the middle; of the care with which he adjusted his collar and neck-tie; and how he removed his glistening shirt-cuffs during recess, and when he was *not before the public*. For the fellow is on exhibition, and he knows and appreciates and enjoys it. He is a Hero and proposes to do as Heroes do. He sucks lemons as he would draw from the silly sympathy of the public which, he complains, doesn't send him cigars. Before he was a murderer, he would never have expected the people of New York to find him in tobacco; but now he is a Hero, and he calls to the public to bring on their delicacies. He does his part. He is on show, and he gets himself up "regardless."

If he is hanged we expect to hear his smiling last words of assurance that he is going straight to Jesus; that he warns his friends to beware of lovely woman, etc. Anyhow, we know that he will be sobbed over by the loveliest of their sex, will be flowered and feasted and petted until his fate is decided.

For is his crime *his* fault? Didn't he come into the world with a homicidal head? Professor Fowler, and Lawyer Howe, and half-a-dozen doctors, with theories, can easily prove that a baby coming into the world with such a head *must* commit murder, sooner or later. Clearly, then, it is not the fault of Cox. It is the fault of Cox, père, for begetting such a kid without arranging, beforehand, to have him born with a level head. But as old Cox is supposed to be non-come-atable, we'll have to go for the old mother. What business had she to have such a son? Hang *her*, and let us keep our Hero, with his hair, his moustache, his lemons and his shirt-cuffs.

Heroes are scarce, and so let us cling to ours.

## Puckerings.

It is hot enough for us.

His Roman mother made Cato the mark.

BLONDIN is in Europe. We mean, on his rope.

EXPERT swimmers have a wave doing it gracefully.

THE cherry pie is arrived. 'Tis true 'tis pitty, pity 'tis 'tis true.

NINETY in the shade does not prevent the rail furnishing slay rides.

WE sincerely hope that Mr. Chastine Cox's crown of glory will fit him to his satisfaction.

WHAT do you suppose will be the Jeannette proceeds of Mr. Bennett's Arctic investment?

THERE is nothing wilts quicker than overstrung moral courage. Except a white duck vest.

WE sailed up the Hudson in an ice-boat yesterday. [A lie, a beastly lie; but don't you wish it were true?]

"His word is as good as his bond" is often said of a man whose note won't sell in the market at 25 per cent.

LAST week there was a meeting of the American Philological Society at Newport, R. I. They must have had a hot spell.

THE popular resorts of the Season having been doing very poorly this season. We prophesy a heavy crop of summer-hotel conflagration in September.

A WILL consisting of only nine words has been admitted to probate in the London courts. You may bet your bottom dollar it wasn't a woman's will.

AT Coney Island, anyway, we know what the wild waves are saying. They are remarking: "Forty cents a plate for clams, and three bad ones to the dozen."

A SECOND edition of the Cardiff giant has been discovered up-country, and Capt. Williams is already negotiating for it. He wants something to practice on.

MR. AUGUSTUS SCHELL is reported to have the handsomest pair of suspenders in town. But perhaps Chastine Cox will be able to beat him on a single string.

THERE is one point of similarity between Captain Williams and Dr. Johnson. The Captain has always followed the Doctor's example in liking "clubbable men."

THERE is an awful pun to be made on the Englishmen "toddling in the Zoo"—Zulu—all that sort of thing, y' know; but we don't see how to make it. Left to the next man.

If Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jr., is really going into the Arctic exploration business, we hope he will overshoe [see?] it himself. [Died, suddenly, of hypertrophy of the jaw, the author of the above paragraph.]

It used to be a general complaint against the men on the "finest police force" that they were always off their beat when wanted. Nobody can lay that charge at their doors now. They are eternally on the beat.



## A HERO AND A MARTYR.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THOU canst boast a noble mien,  
Chastine!  
Fairer form than thine, I ween,  
O Chastine!  
Never in New York was seen.  
Could those lovely features screen  
Projects base or thoughts unclean?  
Round thy head we see the sheen  
Of a halo. No sardine  
Is Chastine! —N. Y. Chameleon.

EXAMINED closely, Mr. Cox has a truly noble cast of features, and there is something in the curl of his hair which speaks of a nature attuned to high and noble thoughts.—*Daily Drumhead*.

THE behavior of the prisoner was marked by that gentle dignity and that winning air of trustful resignation which have characterized his conduct throughout the whole of these unfortunate proceedings.—*Morning Flea*.

WHATEVER part destiny may have forced him to play in the deplorable Hull affair, it cannot be denied that Chastine Cox is one of nature's noblemen.—*The Theorist*.

THE record of Mr. Cox's life, from infancy to manhood, is the tale of a life singularly elevated above the degrading passions and weaknesses of frail humanity.—*Daily Crosseye*.

WHO is there, indeed, who can gaze on that pure and lofty brow, that mobile mouth, those frank and artless eyes, and that general expression of simple and unstudied benevolence, without feeling an instinctive reverence for the exceptionally beautiful character which they so clearly indicate?—*Early Gusher*.

WHEN we consider the fact that ever since his incarceration, Mr. Cox has made a practice of chewing tenpenny nails and standing on his head on the ceiling, it becomes evident to the dullest intellect that if Chastine Cox is not actually insane, that noble intellect is at least tottering on its foundations.—*Morning Sympathizer*.

HE did it, perhaps; but he never meant to do it.—*Evening Apologizer*.

IT is truly pitiable to see this strong man broken down bodily and mentally by a persecution which is, at the best, injudicious. Any one who has watched him in the solitude of his cell, brooding over the half-forgotten nursery rhymes of his happy childhood, or linking his wonderfully beautiful hair in elfin knots, or vacantly sporting with the Tombs bullfrog, cannot but experience a thrill of holy indignation against the men who have hounded down, through all these long weeks, the ill-starred Chastine Cox.—*Afternoon Softy*.

DID you ever notice the strange, sweet, wierd resemblance of Chastine Cox's face to Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola? Sometimes, when, in the close and crowded court-room, my glance rests on the plastic lines of his face, I feel a sense of uplifting, and my weary spirit is borne away to a higher and holier region, whence it comes back refreshed and strengthened to meet the trials and troubles of our daily life.—*Female Correspondent of the Slabville Slobberer*.

THERE have been worse men than Chastine Cox. Look at Nero, for instance; look at Caligula and George Francis Train; and then let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone at him.—*Morning Blaaf*.

SENSITIVE to a fault, generous, clean, with no perceptible smell about him. And this is the man they are going to hang!—*Daily Twister*.

READER, put yourself in his place. You go out one night, walking innocently along the street. Suddenly the idea comes to you to rob a house. You enter through an open window. You find your way to the back parlor. There you discover, unexpectedly, an old lady asleep. What business has anyone to sleep in a back parlor? She wakes up and interferes with your labors—rudely, brutally interferes. You tie her down to the bed, but she is deaf to remonstrance: you put a pillow on her face, but she still obstinately refuses to view the matter from your standpoint. Then you lean on her, quietly but firmly. She is fat. Is it your fault that she is fat? She cannot stand pressure. But are you expected to be cognizant of her little peculiarities? She dies. Did you ask her to die? You take her jewelry, and quietly, unobtrusively, leave the house. You go off for a little trip—simply to amuse yourself—to cheer yourself up a bit. Detectives follow you. Worse, the bloodhounds of the press put themselves on your trail. They find you out in your modest retirement, send for you to a church and interrupt your devotions. They hale you to New York, load you with chains, and cast you into a dungeon. And for what? Reader, this is the case of Chastine Cox. Do not you, too, sympathize with the involuntary cry of indignation which wells up from his half-broken heart?—*Sunday Bunsby*.

A POOR, untaught, ignorant negro, a wretch who never knew the distinction between right and wrong, a mere child, morally and intellectually, who shall say that we ought to judge poor Cox by the high standard of propriety which we would apply to the actions of a Stokes or a MacFarland?—*Morning Wiseacre*.

FOUR hundred and twenty-seven ladies brought bouquets to the alleged murderer of Mrs. Hull yesterday. Mr. Cox received all his visitors with a courteous smile of welcome, and, at the especial request of one fair donor of an exquisite floral tribute, he imprinted a delicate kiss upon her proffered cheek.—*Daily Detector*.

THE prisoner wore a white tie and a lilac shirt, and sucked an oblong, pale-straw-colored lemon. The popular feeling is growing more and more in his favor.—*Morning Microcosm*.

WHERE is beauty such as thine,  
Chastine?

Where is air so near divine,  
O Chastine?

Pure and sweet as Baby Mine,  
Shall the cruel hangman's twine  
Jerk thy spirit so benign  
To the land where ghosts woodbine,  
My Chastine?

—*Weekly Bloomer*.

## THE S. P. C. A. AT CENTRAL PARK.



New dog-day duties devolving upon the keeper of the Polar Bear.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XCVI.

NEW YORK IN THE  
DOG DAYS.



Ya-as, aw I quite expected to have witten fwm the countwy aw fwm Sarwatoga or Newport or Wichfield, or some othah varwiety of Spwings, but a bwothah officer of Jack's had wequest-ed him to arwange some curwious business forweign affa-iahs which necessitated Jack's we-maining in New York, so I pwomised to stay with him until he had bwought the mattah to a favorwable conclusion. I did it out of fwiendship for Jack. Am always wathah disposed to make a twifling sacwifice faw a fwiend—pwovided it isn't too much twouble.

But still it was a terwific baw having to we-side in New York durwing the beastly torwid weathah. I weally didn't know what to do with myself. I got weary of going to Manhattan and Bwighton Beach on a Coney Island. I went two or thrwee nights to a verwy wespectable concert hall where there are a number of musicians who play tunes on stwinged and othah instwuments, and fellaws of both sexes come in and out and dwink be-ah and othah beverwages. I have weason to believe the pwopwietahs of the arwangement are Custard & Veal.

Aw and there's Sedgemoor's Gardens, which I descwibed at considerwable length soon aftah my arwival in this blawsted countwy.

I wandah in there, too. It wejoices in a red-coated band and severwal vocalists. Aw, ye know, it's the place that has a miniature Niagara with tin wocks, and is occasionally lit up with electwic telegwaph lights, which are extwemely blue and not always bwight. You can also dwink be-ah heah, and pwomenade wound the gwavel walks, aw sit down and look at the small twees and shrwubs which are the pwincip-al decorwations of the place.

But a fellaw cah'n't go to eithah of these we-sorts night aftah night, if he has to we-main he-ah, and the d-d-devil of it is there is nowhere else to wandah into.

Everwybody is out of the city, and there is plenty of woom to walk the stweets without wunning against anybody.

Aw it is quite wespectably dull in town—I mean aw in London—aftah Goodwood, but, hang it, if something or othah wendahs it necessarwy to we-main, a fellaw can find aw certain descwription of arwangements to contwibute towards his amusement.

He can go to the Crwystal Palace and to severwal places up the wivah, or to Wichmond and indulge in a wow, or to Gweenwich, or to Gwavesend and eat shwimps and watah-cwesses, or to a large numbah of othah quite decwent we-sorts in easy and comparwatively close pwoximity to town.

So differwent he-ah, ye know. Twue, one he-ahs the names of an extwaoinary varwiety of villages and suburbs; the papahs ovah-flow with them. But then there is so verwy stwong a family wesemblance among them all, and they are invariably in so verwy wuinous and yet pwimitive a condition, that it isn't safe to twy the experwiment of paying them a visit aw.

Aw shall weally be awfully glad when Jack and I can get off to the countwy and bwathe the fwesh air. Besides I am wathah anxious to wejoin Miss Marguerwite and the interwesting and uninterwesting membahs of the family. I believe she's wanderwing somewhere between Sarwatoga and Newport aw.



## A LITTLE WHILE.

I.  
**H**OW cheap is human life!  
 I heard a stranger say,  
 As, with my soul in strife,  
 I paced the park one day,  
 To ease the bile.  
 Accosting him, who spoke  
 These words of grave import—  
 Quoth I: "Make no mistake!  
 With blood and breath we sport  
 A little while."

II.  
 "A little while we move,  
 Within our special spheres;  
 A little while we prove  
 That flippant faith and fears  
 Our hearts beguile.  
 Ah, friend! E'en now my heart,  
 Betrayed by scandal's stroke,  
 Rebels against the smart,  
 Yet wears its galling yoke—  
 A little while."

III.  
 Said he: "It seems that you,  
 Like others, have small need  
 To borrow that which few  
 Are e'er without, indeed—  
 (Excuse my smile.)  
 Affliction makes no choice,  
 But rankling darts it hurls;  
 Their whiz, a warning voice  
 That Grief its pall unfurls  
 A little while."

Charmed by his gracious tone,  
 And flattered by his mien,  
 I made his heart my own,  
 And gave him mine, I ween,  
 In gushing style.  
 He told of wretched days,  
 And touched me very deep;  
 But if he ne'er repays  
 The ducats loaned, I'll weep  
 A little while—and then vehemently  
 expostulate with my egregious stupidity.

ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

## TRIFLES.

A NEW YORK daily inquires: "Who will give Grant a Legacy?" We think the people can safely leave the answer to posterity.

THERE was no Orange procession in this city on the 12th. A picnic was given instead, and, owing to the absence of green, black eyes were at a premium.

THE Duke of Argyle was at Newport a guest of Cyrus W. Field, and the last-named toady is standing on his head for joy at the thought of having captured a live duke.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that warm weather is remarkable for the consumption of beer, and not whiskey, snake-stories of a kind suggestive of delirium tremens continually appear in the columns of the country press.

THE remains of a mastodon have been discovered in Orange county, which on inquiry will doubtless prove to be the missing backbone of the Democratic party in Congress.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the newspaper talk about the elevated railroads, we nowhere see the latter called by an appropriate name. "The Devil on Two Sticks" would not be a bad one.

THE undertaker now eyes askance the immature peach and youthful green apple, and murmurs under his breath, as ecstatic visions of small boys, doubled up like jackknives, dance before his mental vision: "I gather 'em in, I scoop 'em in!"

A DROVE of Texan steers broke loose up-town last week, and the finest police force in the world, not being partial to "horns" of a bony texture, slid up a tree and let em 'break.

CONDUCTORS on the New York, Lake Erie and Western R. R. are prohibited, in a circular just issued, from waving "handkerchiefs or hands at strange ladies." This circular is unreasonable in its demands. Surely a conductor who wishes to get up an innocent flirtation with a lady cannot wave his pocketbook or a No. 12 foot out of the window of a passing train!

MR. R. D'OYLEY CARTE, advance agent and business manager for Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, "Pinafore" fiends, states in a recent interview that his clients think of producing "Pinafore" in this country, "just to show how we think it should be rendered." Oh, by all means, go ahead and produce. The American taste and judgment in musical matters are poor. Let both Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan figure in the cast of the production, and just as soon as they arrive at that "hardly ever" gag, they will have cause to be astonished at the warmth of their reception, including, as it will, as much defunct feline and unripe vegetable as an outraged and long-suffering people can lay its hands on.

M. F. DONOVAN.

## NO WONDER.

AN educated Sandwich Islander, who had read in books that dyspepsia is our national disease, chanced to be driving with a friend along Ocean Avenue one morning last week, when some unusual commotion brought a female head to every window at the hotel they were passing. Over each forehead a handkerchief was bound. Our visitor was surprised at first, but a smile of intelligence in a moment crossed his face. He took out his note-book and jotted down for the future edification of his countrymen: "Fashionable ladies. Late hours. Dissipation. General suffering from headache next morning."

Poor, innocent stranger from a land where the women are not yet civilized, he couldn't suspect that these were but bandages purposed to keep intractable bangs and idiot fringes in readiness for the afternoon's campaign.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## LOGIC.

They prove the world is round  
 By argument quite sound:—  
 When a ship sails to us fast,  
 We see her spars and mast  
 Before her hull.

Now, if the world were flat  
 Or anything like that,  
 Sailed ship however fast,  
 Whene'er we saw her mast  
 We'd see her whole.

## TWO LOVERS AND TWO POPS.

Two lovers swung upon a gate  
 In ecstasy and bliss;  
 And, when the moon slipped 'hind a cloud,  
 Each did the other kiss.  
 What was it made their fond hearts hop?  
 It was—it was the kisses' pop.

Two lovers skipped from off a gate.  
 A voice came down the lane,  
 "I thought I told you not to swing  
 Upon that gate again!"  
 What was it made their pleasure stop?  
 It was—it was Maria's Pop.

A. L.

## AWFUL.

A CHURCH struck by lightning,  
 The people all fright'ning!  
 The building escapes being fired.  
 But down comes the steeple!  
 Says one of the people:—  
 "Behold ye, our church is ex-spired."

## WORSE.

So pretty, pert and winning is Louise,  
 And yet is she a torment and a tease,  
 She exasperates her mother  
 "Riles" her sister and her brother,  
 Does Louise.  
 "You shall marry some young grocer,"  
 Said her pa; "now don't say 'No, sir.'"  
 "Your talent you can then employ on tease."  
 SLOWCUS.

## WRITING TO MR. BERGH.



"Don't forget, dear, to mention a sun-bonnet for me and a shade for your poor eyes. These men are getting perfectly intolerable!"



## POWDER AND PATRIOTISM.



Messrs. O'Donovan Boru and Larry McCree determine to celebrate the 190th anniversary of the battle of Ballywigan by firing a salute of three guns out of a smoothbore long ago condemned by the haughty and arrogant Saxon.



There being but one cannon-ball at their disposal, they hit upon a novel and ingenious means of saving it for future use.



Effect of the "novel and ingenious."

## A CARP AN' TEAR.



HE carpenter's Delia rode by,  
But the car pent her up from his sight;  
He said: "I shall pine, I shall sigh  
Till I've cedar next Saturday night.

"She's saw it; my love for her's plane;  
I'm drawing knife filling my grave;  
Her elders treat me with disdain,  
Yet, oak, can I be but her slave?

"Themlocks maple lucidly flow:  
She's poplar I quite understand:  
Her bark of life soft breezes blow,  
Could I but its elm command.

"I yield up the palm; 'tis no use:  
Awl's over—despairing—lo—cust!  
I never again will be spruce.  
Dead! Tread ye o'er ashes, saw dust!

SLOWCUS.

## PUCK'S HISTORY OF OIRELAND.

(Compiled from the Posthumous Notes of the late Professor Dennis McBallywhack of Maynooth.)

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE SIEGE OF DROGHEDA—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE—THE RIVAL ARMIES—HOW THEY MET—RAILWAY TACTICS—REMARKS.

The fact is there were two battles of Drogheda; the first was called the Siege of Drogheda; and the second was called the Battle of the Boyne, which river, bedad, had nothing to do with either side, except to drown the dead.

As there were only some thirty years betwixt these two shindies, we will, for the purpose of History, condense them into one.

In the year 1660 Oliver Cromwell waded across the channel with a big gang of Englishmen, and pitched into the town of Drogheda, which was doing a fine business in the linen trade, and paying tithes, regular, to a large number of healthy priests. This made Cromwell mad; he wanted the money, and he didn't want the priests to be healthy. So he killed all the Oirish garrison; after which they surrendered; and then Cromwell, the bloody butcher, murdered them all in cold blood.

Such divilment as this naturally exsoited such Oirishmen as still survived, and they hired a man to help them bate Cromwell, who by this time was dead. They got a man named King James, but this is probably a misnomer, a sort of Oirish cart-before-the-horse misnomer. As this fellow was King of Nowhere, his name was probably James King—just as you see in the Directory—"Smith, Peter"; or "Green, Deborah."

Well, James King got his gang together, who, as Cromwell was out of the way, felt confident of victory, when he found himself met by a crowd of Sassenachs under King William, of England, who was a Dutchman by trade. What he went into this foight for has never been discovered, unless to get up a free advertisement for the Orange trade, in which he was largely interested and to give the New York Police a chance to club heads on the 12th of July—which is needless, as they are already experts at this practice.

Now King William was on wan side of the Boyne, and James King with his crowd on the other. The question was how to meet in battle array. If either side crossed they would have had to touch water; which was horrifying alike to English, Irish and Dutch. If it had been beer, or potheen or schnapps both parties would have waded in—ay! up to their very mouths.

As it was, they squatted on either side of the river, played "forty-fives" and foraged on the neighboring pig-pens and pratie-patches.

At last a truce was declared; a parley was held, and it was determined to build a bridge over the Boyne. Stock was issued, a large loan raised from the Oirish branch of the house of O'Rothschild, and the bridge was erected.

It only now remained to arrange a plan of battle and this was soon decided upon. There being only a single railway track across the noble viaduct, it was agreed that a train should be started from either side, loaded with the contending troops, and should meet about the middle of the bridge; locomotives to be in the rear and started by the commanders of the respective armies; the train "bucking" the other one off the bridge to be considered the victor.

Now the Dutch-English had 36,000 men; the Oirish only 14,000; as may readily seen momentum carried the day; the Oirish were knocked into smithereens, into the Boyne, and into all the fat places in the municipality of New York.

Thus Oireland lost the Battle of Drogheda. But bloody as this fight was, it was nothing to the way it has been fought over and over again ever since that day. Wherever the true Oirishman goes, under whatever flag he lives, he carries with him a shamrock or an orange lily—and fights. Little it matters to him if the people among whom he finds shelter care nothing for green or yellow, and take no interest in the scrimmages of his "ould dart." His sowl roises on Pottrick's Day or the 12th of July and he'll bate the brains out of anny man that wears a different color from his.

## FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT JURYMEN.

"GENTLEMEN," said a Kentucky judge to the jury in a murder case, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," made answer the foreman.

At this moment twelve men in the audience rose, pulled out their shooting-irons, and covered each his man in the box.

There was an ominous silence in the court, broken at length by the voice of the judge from behind the desk where he had dropped.

"Gentlemen, the dignity of the law must be respected. The first great principles of justice and jurisprudence, must and shall be maintained at all hazards. Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman looked at his fellow-jurors. They glanced nervously at him. There was a hurried consultation that lasted less than half a minute, and then the foreman spoke up like a little man:

"Not guilty, your honor."

And thus they did emphasize the fundamental principle of jury's prudence.

## JUST WHAT WE WANT.

AN advertisement in the Sunday *Herald* informs the public that "Miss—, who captivates by her natural acting, as she allures by her remarkable beauty, elegant and rich stage dressing, leaves for Europe this week. All communications must be addressed to her sole agent, Dr. —, —, Managers' and Stars' Agency, Union Square."

Is there time to stop her yet, Doctor? We want a summer-girl, to take down to Manhattan Beach, you know, and off on the Plymouth Rock's excursions. Nothing short of remarkable beauty will suit us. We have seen your protégée, Doc, and she fills the bill. We assisted at her debut and the air was filled with expressions of delight. "What beautiful teeth!" "What a magnificent dress," "Isn't that a gorgeous train," "Did you ever see such eyes?" "And ankles?" One man said "She may act well when she learns how;" but he was hooted down immediately.

Yes we want a girl that will make all the other fellows wild with envy, and you've the very thing in stock.

Send her along by Adams Express, C. O. D. And hang the expense.



## A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

**T**IMOTHY PERKINS was my hero's name:  
A country lawyer, not unknown to fame;  
In circuit court, the judge himself would bow  
To the deep wisdom of that dome-like brow.  
Of all big pates the country round, not one,  
Scarce yellow pumpkin rip'ning in the sun,  
In rotund hugeness could at all compare  
With Perkins's poll and Perkins's bushy hair.  
Methodical in everything he was:  
Exact as famous Mede and Persian laws.  
A hundred slips of paper from the press  
Displayed his name, vocation and address;  
And to make sure that none of them were wasted,  
On everything he owned he had one pasted.  
On everything, perhaps, except the cat:  
At any rate he had one in his hat;  
Though one would think, 'twas so uncommon big,  
No mortal thief such grand chapeau would prig.  
One night, when Perkins, at a jolly feast,  
Had drunk of whiskey-punch his share, at least,  
A waggish guest within that big hat saw:  
"Timothy Perkins, Counselor at Law."  
The paper slip was loose, and, with a grin,  
The rogue removed and pasted it within  
The smallest specimen of head-gear there,  
And at the festive board resumed his chair.  
Soon Perkins, too far gone for table chat,  
Staggering arose to take his leave—and hat;  
In this and that he looked, and all around,  
Until the newly labeled hat he found.  
To boozy brain that label was enough:  
Of claim and ownership 'twas legal proof.  
"Gen'l'men, good-night: hic—going home to bed."  
He put the little hat upon his head;  
In vain he tried, with shaking hand, to don it;  
Stopped, in surprise, and muttered, "Plague upon it!"  
Looking inside, the well known words he read:  
"Timothy Perkins—that's my hat," he said.  
Again he struggled with the stubborn tile,  
Pausing again to read and breathe awhile.  
"Timothy Perkins, Counselor at Law;"  
He read his title clear without a flaw.  
"Is my head swelled? What? No! it is not swelled."  
Again he tried: again the hat rebelled.  
With solemn countenance he turned to address  
The expectant company that round him press:  
"Most str'or'nary circumstance," he began;  
"This is my hat—hic—but I'm not the man!"

E. D. K.

## A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

NOWHERE, N. P., July 21th, 1879.

Dear PUCK:

In front of our hotel runs a road which begins where most country roads end—Nowhere. Naturally, soon after my arrival I strolled out to see the sights. I passed along the road until I came to a little wooden bridge, which spanned a little brook. I leaned against the railing of the bridge and gazed into the stream. A denizen of that region approached me, and I heard from him the history of that bridge.

As I endeavor to draw inspiration from the julep the waiter has this moment placed at my elbow, I cannot refrain from wishing that some other pen, more powerful than mine, could indite the sad, sad tale I heard, that some eloquent soul could pour over the bare details a stream of glistening words; but, alas! that pen, that soul is not here, and so I am compelled to narrate, in my own humble way, the story of

## NANCY'S BRIDGE.

The refulgent beams of an August sun were shining with undimmed splendor—I beg pardon, but I must halt. I fear I am infringing upon some of the dime-novel copyrights. Let me begin again. Two solitary horsemen might

have been seen traveling side by side—Pshaw, that is evidently an imitation of Mr. James (G. P. R.)! I must tell the story without adornment, and here it is. Nancy Smith was a good-natured young woman about seventeen years of age. She was not very handsome, but there are so many about whom that remark can be truthfully made, that I don't see that she could complain much on that score. To be sure she did not get much fun out of this world, but that was because her ma was very strict, and managed affairs so that Nancy did her fair share of the work and just a trifle over. In the life of a country girl, three things make a paradise—candy, a hunk of chewing-gum, and a beau.

Nancy had a beau. He was a grave young man: not to put too fine a point on it, he was chief sexton of the village church, and head engineer of the graveyard. He dug all the holes into which the defuncts of the neighborhood retired, after their pursuit of mundane things had come to an end.

Nancy's residence was quite near to the bridge of which I have spoken. In the twilight, before the day had faded into night, Nancy and her festive sexton would stroll to that bridge. There, sitting on the railing side by side, while the little stars twinkled at them and wondered who the mischief they were, the lovers would indulge in amatory speeches and tender dalliance. Ofttimes she would sing plaintive melodies to her gentle swain, or perchance she would indulge in that charming game, "I love my love with a G because he is a grave-digger." Occasionally he would imagine that he was a florist, and would press twilips. As the clouds of night spread over the heavens, he would whisper in her ear that when she died he would dig her a deep, deep grave, the loveliest grave in all the yard, and other similar cheering statements.

Time passed on. (If that isn't the proper way to put that fact, it's because the style has changed since the last novel was issued.) One day in August the sexton was engaged in digging a grave for the wife of the stingiest man in the village. Now, that man had bought a strip of ground six feet long and four feet wide, in which he proposed to bury his whole family. To accomplish that object it would be necessary to make the first grave at least twenty feet deep. When our sexton was called upon to dig a grave twenty feet deep in a plot six feet by four he declined.

"Ah," said the miser, "that's because you can't."

Then our sexton's professional pride was hurt, and he at once set about the job. He dug, and dug, and dug, and when he had almost completed the grave, the sides caved in upon him. Before they could dig him out he died of suffocation. They told the miser of the unfortunate accident.

"What the mischief," said the miser, "did he want to bury himself in my plot for? Why didn't he select one of the large plots? It's uncommon hard."

And it was hard on the miser.

They bore the news to Nancy. She was engaged in washing the dishes. She fainted dead away. A prompt application of the dish-water to her face brought back her sense of smell, and all the other senses came with that sense as company. All day she brooded on the event. In the evening she strolled to the bridge. She was heartbroken. Beaux were uncommonly scarce in that region; no girl could expect to have more than one young man in a lifetime. She saw before her a long life of toil. She put to herself the question: "Is life worth preserving, if one is not to have any of the joys of matrimony? Without any assistance she answered that question promptly in the negative. Then she kissed his favorite whittling spot on

the bridge, throws herself over the railing, and—as one of the East side tragedians would say—derlibberately der-rownded herself.

Poor Nancy! Poor, unfortunate girl! As I thought of her untimely fate, I found a tear stealing slowly down towards the termination of my nasal organ. And yet—yet she must have been a very industrious young woman if she managed to drown herself in that brook, which certainly didn't contain a pint of water. Perhaps—and why shouldn't I grope in that mysterious realm of perhaps?—perhaps, I say, with her own dainty hands she took hold of her own delicate heels and held her charming head under water until she drowned. What a sight for gods and men!

When the tear evoked by Nancy's story had dropped from the end of my nose into the brook (where it perceptibly raised the tide), I glanced around. The gentle cows were slowly moving towards the pump where, for convenience, they were milked. The festive hens strolled towards the kitchen, on the top of which they roosted. The sun was sinking below the horizon. It was eventide; it was the time when poetry seizes the soul of man, and wafts him from all mere animal things into a region where all thoughts of mere creature comforts are banished from the mind. I was in dreamland. Suddenly I heard the boom, boom, boom of the gong. With a bound I sprang from the bridge, and hastened to the Nowhere Sanitarium. I had been in country hotels often enough to know that at meals in such places 'tis well to be the first man at the table.

Yours sympathetically,

ARTHUR LOT.

We all know the moral of the lively emulation between constructors of impregnable ships-of-war and inventors of invincible rams and torpedoes, and, therefore, when we read that a German genius has taken out a patent for boots with flexible quartz soles, warranted to last a life-time, we do not fear but that Yankee ingenuity will rise equal to the necessity, and invent some substance that can be applied to the bulgy knees of a man's breeches.

## CLOTHES AND CARESSES.



"Charles, aren't you going to bid goodbye to your sisters?"

"If they loved me less, mama—if their affection were less sincere and unconventional. But I must positively put my foot down once for all. I cannot be rumped!"



## A NATURAL THERMOMETER.

DOCTOR:—Bathe with great care, and don't fail to test the bath with the thermometer.  
NURSE:—Sure, phwat wud oi be afther doin' wid a thermometer?—



If the baby (bless him!) comes out *blue*,  
sure, the wather's too cold,



and if the baby (bless him!) comes out *red*,  
sure, the wather's too hot. Go away wid yer  
thermometer, Dochter dear!

## THE UNSEASONABLE POEM.

**I**N the stillness of the evening,  
In the mystery of night—  
Am I tight?

For when I take to poeming,  
Even in the spectral gloaming,  
Something 's crooked,  
You may book it—  
All's not right.

Were the season charming Spring  
You might say: 'This sort of thing  
Is in keeping

With the balmy air and flowers,  
With the streamlets and the showers,  
But when mercury's near a hundred,  
'Tis too plain that I have blundered,  
That I'm steeping

Not my mind in rills Parnassian,  
Cooling as the draught Caucasian,  
Melted snow;

'Tis not mental thirst I'm slaking,  
While my throat is almost baking—  
"Fancy drinks," not drinks of fancy,  
Work this wondrous necromancy,  
Yes, 'tis so.

LEO C. EVANS.

## NERO.

**N**ERO was a fearfully misunderstood man. Tradition has much maligned him. He has never had a square deal historically.

The muse of History has always held Nero up as a monster of iniquity. She has given Nero away in a wholly unnecessary manner. To-day there are thousands of people, throughout the civilized world, who look upon Nero as a bad man—a man with a bad eye.

The school-books used to tell us that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; that he was a profligate person, and a bald-headed; that he reveled in all manner of cruelty and tyranny, and breathed freely only in an atmosphere of gore and torture.

Now, the truth is, there was nothing the matter with Nero's moral character. He has been calumniated—cruelly calumniated—and all be-

cause he was just one of those whole-souled, generous, simple-minded fellows who gain the enmity of half the world simply by obliging the other half.

Yet all these centuries Nero's character has lain under this cloud of slander, and it was not until a few months ago, when some laborers in Rome unearthed an old Latin circulating library of the fourth century, A. D., containing the works of several hitherto unheard-of historians, that the few who have always believed in Nero right along have had a chance to put the dear old fellow before the world in a true light.

We have not room to enlarge on the circumstances of this discovery, nor to enter into all the details of our hero's vindication. Let us be satisfied with nailing a few of the principal campaign lies which Nero's political opponents circulated so industriously during his life that they have been believed by every subsequent generation.

In the first place, Nero, whose full name, in American, was Lucius D., appears to have been, on the authority of Quintus Gabius Busto, one of the new crop of historians, quite the ideal young man for a small tea-party. From his childhood up he was noted for his disinclination to cause suffering to any living creature. It is related that on one occasion, having to pull the tooth of a common housefly, (*musca domestica*), he first got the fly royally drunk, so that it should not feel the pain, and then coaxed the tooth out with a magnet.

When at school he hated to wound the feelings of his fellow-scholars, so he never would go to the head of the class; but used to pretend to be stupid and lazy, simply to give the other boys a chance. Old Cicero, who was principal of the institution, often said: "If the foot of the class were only the head, Nero, you would have all your young colleagues on a string."

Another beautiful anecdote is related of the subject of this sketch. When Nero was six years old his father gave him a little hatchet. Nero went out into the garden, and with his little hatchet cut down a favorite cherry-tree of his father's. When old Mr. Cneius Domitius Ahenobarbus, Nero's father, saw what had hap-

pened to his cherry-tree, he was very much grieved, and, sending for his son, asked: "Who has done this?"

"Father," said young Nero, "I cannot tell a lie: it was the cat."

"Come to my arms, my noble boy," said his delighted parent; "I had rather have you cut down a thousand cherry-trees than tell a single taradiddle."

The story that Nero caused the assassination of his mother is wholly untrue. It was his mother-in-law whom he disposed of in this way; and the fact sheds a new lustre on his character. The late lamented Mrs. Agrippina Ahenobarbus died of injudicious indulgence in lobster salad and cucumbers boiled in condensed milk.

Then another of the dug-out historians, G. Alfredus Villæterminus, disposes of the absurd story about Nero's burning Rome and fiddling during the progress of the performance. Nero never owned a fiddle. What he played on was the concertina, and then only in the strictest privacy, being afraid of the popular wrath. As to the fire itself, Nero had nothing to do with it. He was down at Ostia, which was the Roman equivalent of Coney Island, when the blaze began; and Junius Schweitzerius, the Trans-Alpine minister to Rome, has testified that the initial igniting was done by a *vacca simplex* belonging to a widow in the Transtiberian quarter—a sort of classic prototype of Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

Nero was a good fellow all round. Altus Gallus Venerabilis, the author of "A Popular History for Young Romans," says:

"I used to get drunk with Nero every night for eighteen months, and a more high-toned gentleman I never met."

Among the recently exhumed records is Nero's Sunday-school report, which shows that he was a model scholar, and knew over eleven hundred texts; besides being able to say the "Infant's Address to Apollo" backwards, without slipping up on a single declension.

Nero was a charitable man. A bronze monument, on the south-east corner of Forum Avenue and Quatuor Street, records the fact that, on the third day of the Greek kalends of April, in the year 51, A.D., he gave five cents to a beggar woman. It is to be regretted that we have no evidence of the character of the five-cent piece further than what may be gathered from the last line of the inscription:

"Non potuit spielen super gubernator omnibus"—he could not play it off on the omnibus driver.

We hope this will set Nero right in the eyes of the world. If it does not, we propose to go out of the historical whitewashing business.



NERO.

[From a bust gone on in the year 64 A. D.]





"Did I give 'em soup to make 'em warm? Then now sha'n't I make 'em cool? Answer, Yes!"

Starts for the North Pole accompanied by his Intellectual Department.



The Explorer starts alone for the Pole.

And another is quite transfixed.

He goes the Pole, and determines to tow it to New York.





Map of the North Pole as prepared for the *Herald*.



Arrived near the Polo, the crew wear the dress of the Natives. The Explorer wears his well-known duelling suit.



They are received by the Natives. One of the Intellectuals is received entirely.



THE GREAT  
POLAR MATCH!



## A NEW WATERING PLACE.

[PUCK'S CORRESPONDENCE.]

NEW AMSTERDAM, July 21st, 1879.

**T**HIS beautiful resort is only just beginning to meet with the appreciation which it deserves. For a long period, many people have become so attached to the place that they have taken up their permanent residence here, not leaving at any time of year, unless to take a little trip to Europe.

And they are right.

For in New Amsterdam the torrid heats of summer are tempered by the gentle sea breezes; while the frigid air of winter is disregarded, owing to the uncommonly substantial character of the cottages and hotels, so unusual in the average summer watering-place.

The season is now in full blast; the streets are filled with well-dressed people; the hotels, though amply patronized, are not overcrowded, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that in a very few years New Amsterdam will be as popular a summer resort as Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch. The indications decidedly point that way.

The Avenue V. Hotel has the largest number of guests. It is still managed by its old proprietors, and is charmingly situated in Madison Forest, parallel to Broadroad and Pauper Millionaire Street, better known as Avenue IV. Horse-cars, communicating with the neighboring rivers, have begun to run past this elegant and imposing edifice, the most remarkable feature of which is that it is built of stone—a rare thing in summer hotels. The drivers and conductors are models of politeness; the fare is but five cents, and a passenger is never poked in the ribs when it is demanded. The conductor has a bell-register to record the fares when collected—an excellent arrangement which ought to be adopted by the horse railroad companies in large cities such as New York.

There are several other hotels which call for some notice, such as the Windsor Castle, also on Avenue V. Stages now run past it, during the summer season, at a charge of five cents per passenger.

The boarding-houses—and the number is amply sufficient for New Amsterdam visitors—have no cause to complain of lack of patronage. The rates range from ten cents to ten dollars a day, including wine—depending, in a great measure on the brand.

A combination of enterprising capitalists has secured all the mineral and medicinal springs, which exist in considerable numbers in New Amsterdam, and have erected drug stores over them. They are reported to be paying quite handsomely. The price of a glass of soda varies from five to ten cents.

Some other New Amsterdamites of means have, at considerable expense, erected a miniature steam railroad on high iron tressels, running right through the heart of the village. A few passengers travel on it daily, but when it is better known and people have more confidence in its safety, it will doubtless be more largely patronized. The principal summer residents highly approve of the road, and the gentle hum and rattle from the passage of the trains do much towards hushing people into a balmy and refreshing sleep, and eradicating the terrible scourge of insomnia from which many visitors have in past seasons suffered.

The amusements of the temporary sojourners in New Amsterdam are of a varied character. They consist chiefly of lager beer and whiskey drinking, strolling on Broadroad, fan exercise, and the very interesting game called "straw hydraulics." It is played by an unlimited number of individuals, who make wagers with each

other as to which shall absorb the largest quantity of liquor through straws in the shortest space of time. It is a very nice game and ought to be introduced into other places. A summer police corps has been organized, who are forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to strike any visitor on the head with a force of more than five hundred pounds to the square inch. This is a very wholesome regulation, and meets with the unqualified approval of visitors. They report that in all the larger cities, especially New York, an entirely different state of things exists.

Among the more notable residents at this lovely resort are Messrs. Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson.

Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty drives his hoss-car on Avenue VIII, with a fine pair of high-stepping bays. The new and handsome vehicle is painted red, with large white stripes almost resembling some letters of the alphabet. Mr. Billy Bajeeze has a very handsome dust-cart which always creates a sensation when it appears on the Broadroad, especially when the wind is high. Other features of the season at New Amsterdam will be dwelt on in my next communication.

GOTEM.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Her brow is like the sawdrift.

SETH TOWNSEND.—We are delighted to receive the information with which you favor us; but we have heard it before, and we don't believe it. Besides, it is none of your business and very little of ours. Much obliged all the same.

HAIRY ADONIS.—We don't see anything about it in your letter; but we suppose you want to know at what rates we will insert your hair-oil poem. For all information concerning our advertising columns, we must refer you to the business department. Or perhaps you merely want to know our opinion of the poem as a literary production? Well, we think it is remarkably good, and decidedly funny; but we'll tell you something else that we think, too; and we think it "powerful hard." We think it isn't going into PUCK, except at advertising rates. Yes, we will back up that think with ready money, any day in the week.

J. K. C., Toronto, Ont.—You have favored us with a gem. In the course of a long and variegated editorial experience, we don't remember meeting with anything quite the equal of your poem. It is not only that it is remarkable for the arabesque offness of its taste; but that it is wholly novel in its metrical construction. We can't say we entirely admire your originality. We really believe there ought to be some limit to your liquid lines, even if it's only the size of the paper. We do not think we shall be able to print those lines, J. K. C., because the uneducated public has certain prejudices which we are bound to respect, and one of those prejudices runs dead against metre of this style:

"Thanks, that is all, my fair one of course you this evening will see!"

"Oh, certain, just you leave this romantic affair to me." "

R. REMINGTON.—Do you know, you have one or two ideas that are worth something? It is a very little something, and the ideas are very few, still, you have them; and ten or twenty years of devotion to the study of versification would probably enable you to express them coherently and intelligibly. At present you can't compass even that. If you think this is rough, ponder on the feelings of the man who has to wade through your eighty-eight limping, straggling, rhymeless lines, and give a serious report on a quart of nonsense and an eighth of a gill of something like sense; and remember that it is neither pluck nor enterprise, but only vulgar and irreverent audacity to essay even the lightest feat in a beautiful art without proper and decent study and preparation.

## JUSTICE TO THE POLICE.

**I**T is the desire, we feel assured, of the taxpayers of the city of New York to do justice to the Police; for whose support they put their hands in their pockets and pay millions of dollars annually.

It is true that the Police do *not* do justice to the People of New York, but that is just the reason that we see the hiatus which can only be filled by the "Golden Rule," as it were, or some other copy-book motto which tells us to love them that despitefully club us.

Now, the Police club us; they slang us; they swagger around and among us, and swing the suggestive club; they knock holes in our heads until our unfortunate brains ooze out over the sidewalks. Then we pay for our doctor's services or for the undertaker's gentle ministrations, as the case may be—and the Policeman is fined five days' pay. Or, if he should possibly be brought into Court, he gets a nominal sentence, and then goes on excursions with a deputy sheriff as escort.

Now, as examples we take two cases. Paddy O'Whack hit officer Thump on the head with a mason's hammer and now languishes in Sing-Sing, and there will languish for the next five years. Officer Tully broke his superior officer's head, and his arms and his hands, and chewed and gouged him generally; for all of which Tully, M.P., gets three months; and then goes a-beering about the town, *after sentence*, while his counsel looks out for a legal loop-hole for his escape.

These two cases are only two among thousands. But they are enough to show why we ask for justice to the Police. What is Sing-Sing for the citizen should be Sing-Sing for the finest force. And we hereby offer immortality to the courageous Judge who will do them this justice. We ask for a fair but *quick* trial, with no legal shenanagin about it, and if an officer of our Metropolitan Police is found guilty of brutality, to give him the biggest sentence which the law allows. Citizens are not put under oath to preserve the peace; Policemen are. Certainly then a breach of the peace by the latter class calls for heavier punishment.

And the Judge who will do his duty, strike terror into the hearts of the brutal members of our police force, and give us a feeling of some security for our lives and limbs, may expect to see himself—or rather his counterfeit presentment—in the space left vacant in the cartoon on our last page. Our artist will lay himself out, so to speak, to make it as pretty as possible.

Most of our Judges, to be sure, are earning their salaries by roaming over Europe and junketing by the seaside; but as PUCK goes everywhere, they will doubtless read these lines and hie them home to be immortalized.

— Messrs. T. B. Peterson and Brothers' latest publication is entitled "Under the Willows; or the Three Countesses."—Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon is the author of the book, which is an exceedingly readable one and handsomely got up. The ingenuity of the plot, the strong contrasts of character and the variety of action cannot fail to absorb the reader's attention, especially that sort of reader who revels in a combination of romance and reality and likes to follow characters to different parts of the world.

THE Manhattan Railway hasn't yet met with anything in the shape of a very serious accident, and we sincerely hope it never will. But this is no reason that it shouldn't have the Mutual Aid Association, which, we are glad to see, has lately been formed. Its objects are to relieve the necessities of sick and disabled members and benefit the families of deceased members. Mr. G. D. Davis, jr., is President of the organization, and Mr. Allan S. Gookin, Treasurer.



# ARCHIE GASCOYNE,

## A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,

BY

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;"  
"Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;"  
"Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"  
etc., etc., etc.

(Continued.)

"GOOD day, shentlemen," she exclaimed, as they raised their hats, and the speaker blushed, probably at being caught in semideshabille—though who knows that it had not been carefully planned, for she had seen them enter the garden?

"Good evening, Mademoiselle," was the gravely courteous reply, as the speakers passed on.

"Well," said the Doctor when they had passed out of hearing, "is the resemblance as strong as you thought?"

"Strong?" replied his friend, almost gasping, "why, I'll be hanged if it isn't Zerbini herself; but that's impossible."

"There is nothing impossible," was the sententious reply. "But let's go in."

"This is, however," responded Archie. "How could a ballet-dancer get admittance into a house like this and act as governess?"

"Yes, and who would think to find the son and heir of a wealthy English baronet in Archie Campbell, the humble tutor of a raw Highland cub?"

"Nonsense; you talk rubbish. The cases are not parallel, and Mlle. Thollier is assuredly not Zerbini—and yet!"

"Exactly—and yet?" echoed his friend as, throwing away their cigar-stumps, they passed into the hall to find the Count engaged in an elaborate flirtation with the philosophical Flora, while Macleod, with animated gestures and heightened color, was relating some one of his many hunting adventures to Miss Maggie.

"Othello and Desdemona, by Jove!" thought Archie to himself with a twinge of pain, but all he said was, with a smile:

"Good evening, all; did not know you had returned, Captain Macleod; hope you and Mr. Alister have arranged things to your satisfaction."

When Archie addressed Macleod Maggie's face flushed hotly as she gave a quick, uneasy, enquiring look at the two young men, but the friendly tone of the speaker reassured her, though a slightly puzzled look still lingered on her face as her cousin replied, with a laugh:

"O yes, thank you. Alister and I are old hands at that sort of thing; by the way, we shall be glad to have your company to-morrow, if you care to rough it."

"I should be only too glad," replied Archie, "but the Doctor here is a sad martyr to the gout, and I hardly care to leave him to his own very limited resources."

"You don't—don't ye?" broke in Bob, "and it's gouty I am, is it, ye imaginative spalpeen? Not but the same's a highly genteel disease, and one that has run in the blood of the Macdonalds from pat-riarchal ages. But jist at prisent I haven't the good fortune to be enjoying it, and I'll be delighted to accompany the Captain and take charge av ye all."

Macleod took the Doctor at his word. So it was finally arranged that Archie and the Doctor should accompany the two daring sportsmen, that the ladies should convoy them as far as possible down the bay on their journey, and

that the Doctor should be entrusted with the sole charge of the commissariat department. Nor was the charge a light one, as they had to camp out all night, and in addition to themselves there would be four oarsmen and a boy.

It may be doubted, however, if our hero was particularly well pleased to have been drawn into the expedition, and it was with no very friendly tone that he bade Bob an abrupt and gruff "Goodnight" as he passed on towards his own room.

"Faith," laughed the Doctor, turning round to Miss Maggie, who was now alone beside him, the Captain and the rest having gone into the drawing-room, "he's moighty polite, anyhow, and it's meself that's thinking Mither Campbell would sooner be stopping at home to-morrow with the girls than philandering afther sea-gulls and cormorants and sich loike haythen."

And so Archie would, and Miss Maggie blushed to think so, for was it not to-morrow they had fixed for her first lesson in Chaucer? So her sweet face flushed guiltily under the searching and quizzical gaze of the irrepressible Bob, and, though she would have given anything to prevent, she could not for her life help looking up at him quickly, and their eyes caught and she saw there an amused look of audaciously comical knowingness that called a second and deeper blush to the fair, sweet face.

"How funny you Irishmen are!" she exclaimed confusedly, as she rose hastily and brushed past him with an abrupt "Goodnight."

The Doctor stood transfixed as he watched the dainty graceful vision disappear. Then, with a low, prolonged "P-h-e-ew!" thoughtfully proceeded in the direction of the billiard-room, to find consolation in the soothing "night-cap" before retiring for the night.

### CHAPTER XV.

"The little rift within the lute."

—TENNYSON.

NEXT day was an eventful one in many respects—eventful, that is, as far as concerns the personages of our little drama. The preparations for the fishing and shooting expedition were on the most extensive scale.

The Doctor in particular showed to advantage. He was in his element. Instinctively every one, from the Captain to the gillie, gave way to Bob. Archie, on a former occasion, had dubbed him the "sandwich" Napoleon, and he did not belie the epithet. Everything was attracted to him.

In the commissariat department he reigned supreme. From the leg of mutton and roast goose to the caviare and the lobster sauce, Bob's word was law. He tasted the whiskey and sampled the wine, selecting accordingly, and there was no going back on his judgment.

Need we say that, under such generalship the commissariat department was a prodigious success—so much so that the ladies felt doubly aggrieved that they could only go a small portion of the way, and consequently could not

be in at the death—meaning thereby the supper?

Nor were Macleod and Alister behindhand in their special department. The "trammel" and salmon nets were completely overhauled; the guns cleaned and polished into a condition of speckless purity; the ammunition was provided in as much abundance as if they had been going to lay siege to Castle Dunvegan or attempt to batter down the Quirang; and generally everything, down to the minutest detail, was attended to as only old and experienced Highland campaigners can.

To complete the general satisfaction, the day was all that could be desired, the sun's rays being tempered by a delightfully cooling breeze, just strong enough and no more to fill the belying sails and streak with tiny flakes of foam the flashing surface of the dark green water.

So everyone was in the highest spirits; everyone, that is to say, but one, whom we were about forgetting. The exception was Miss Maggie, who appeared to be ill at ease, and complained of having passed a sleepless night, resulting in a severe headache.

It was abundantly evident to the most careless observer that she was far from well, and her restless, nervous manner betokened mental uneasiness.

Every now and then she would give a little start and look around in a strange, vague sort of way, as if afraid of some one, and so marked did this restlessness become that Mrs. Macdonald was forced finally to interfere and prohibit her from accompanying the party.

Nor, sooth to say, did Maggie seem particularly sorry to be left at home. On the contrary—and the thought was by no means a pleasant one to Archie, who had been watching her anxiously all the morning—she was evidently relieved, and, for the first time that day, as she turned to retrace her steps and waved an *au revoir* to the party, her face wore something like its ordinary sweetness and happiness of expression.

Nor was our hero and Mrs. Macdonald the only ones to remark Miss Maggie's strangeness of manner and remarkable pallor of face. Macleod himself, though so busy as to have little time to devote to any one, saw enough to convince him that something was wrong, and Mlle. Thollier, although keenly anxious to make one of the party, was so affected and touched by her "darling Mees Margaret's eel-ness" that she insisted on accompanying her home, thereby raising herself in the estimation of mother and daughter some hundred per cent., for hitherto they had not credited mademoiselle with much softness of heart.

As for the Doctor, he "marvelled exceedingly," but, as he remarked to Archie and the Count afterwards, in his own simple but expressive way, he "smelled a rat, and was resolved to nip it in the bud."

Just as the boats were being shoved off from the little, old-fashioned and primitive looking pier, Maggie turned hastily and ran back to the boat in which her cousin was. He happened to be engaged with an oar at the time, and the young girl called to the Doctor, who happened to be nearest her:

"O Doctor, I had quite forgotten. Would you kindly pass this note to Captain Macleod? It is from a friend of his."

At the sound of her voice Macleod looked round, and his eye caught hers. Archie was looking fixedly at both of them, and she knew it, and blushed hotly as, with a forced "Good-bye," she turned confusedly and hurried up the beach after her mother and Mlle. Thollier.

Archie was uncomfortably startled, as was also the Doctor, but neither said anything, and in another minute they were gliding swiftly over the water under full sail.

Nothing could please us more than to follow



the fortunes and recount the adventures of Captain Macleod and his fellow sportsmen; how they netted over a hundred magnificent salmon and sea-trout in the little bay behind Greshinish; and set the "trammel" net between two of the Lyndale islands, and caught a boatload of cod and scaythe and lythe; and how, finding, unluckily, the door of the little island house locked and the windows barred, they manufactured a compact and capacious tent, by aid of a mainsail and oars, against the gable of the house, and therein slept through the small hours of the morning beside a roaring fire of coals and turf. Of the Solan geese, too, which Alister shot, and the seals that Bob missed, and the whiskey consumed by the boatman and the thirsty John, the gardener, and the enormous quantities of roast beef and goose, lobster salad and bread, wine and beer, etc., etc., which the hungry adventurers generally contrived to get through, we should like to tell, but we can afford neither the time nor the space, other more important matters demanding our undivided attention.

For, while the gentlemen were enjoying themselves thus royally amid the gray and moss-covered rocks of the Lyndale islands, certain events of a graver and more tragic import were transpiring at home—events which were soon to culminate in a crisis that was to throw a dark cloud of mystery, sorrow and shame over the hitherto happy household of Gleninver.

\* \* \*

As to the precise nature of these events—that will reveal itself in due time; for the present our readers must be content to be told that when our party of sportsmen awakened in the morning they were astonished to find that Macleod had disappeared, without leaving any clue as to his whereabouts, or having given any hint of his intentions. Only this they knew—he was not on the island, and the fact filled Archie in particular with grave suspicions and uneasiness. He had observed the restlessness and nervousness of Maggie on the previous day, and seen only too plainly that some secret understanding existed between herself and Macleod, and now this unaccountable disappearance of the latter gave things a darker and more mysterious complexion than ever. Had Archie only known that at the very moment he and the rest of the party were hunting for Macleod, that youthful chieftain was engaged in low and earnest conversation with his bright-eyed cousin on the white sands under the Gleninver cliffs, his mind would have been more uneasy still.

But of so suspiciously strange and early a meeting between Macleod and Maggie neither Archie nor any one save the youthful pair themselves and one other was aware. That other was Mlle. Thollier, though of her cognizance of their interview the cousins were profoundly ignorant.

(To be continued.)

MR. BLEDSOE, late returning from ye lodge, in merrie plight, waked ye still nyght with fell alarms and rude, and crept him his house into ye open window through, and, seeking for a chair to reach, his wayting wife's new Summer bonnet sat upon, full heavie and with certain harmes thereto. Loud shrieked the ladye fayre, but Bledsoe, he with well-attempted cheerfulness, his voyce uplifted and with whatever musicke that mote be that men on lodge-nyght most do warble with, he sang, "I'm sitting on the style, Mary!" Loud loffen he, but she, lamenting her unluckie plight, wept shrill, and yet the whyles she wayld the more he did rejoyce.—*Hawkeye*.



### Puck's Exchanges.

#### A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Oh, a life on the yacht Jeannette!  
A home on the frozen deep!  
With the mercury down, you bet,  
Where the butter has got to keep!

I'm off for the Northern Pole,  
By way of old Behring's Strait,  
Where the ice-floes gaily roll,  
Oh, there I would navigate!

I long for the 80th par-  
Allel of north latitude;  
I'd rather freeze solid thar,  
Than stay at home and be stewed.

I long to investigate  
On an open Polar Sea,  
And practically demonstrate  
That such a thing there be.

But the summit of my ambish,  
And what I have longed for most,  
Is a seal and a walrus dish,  
And a Polar bear on toast.

Then hand me my garments gay,  
For the wind is a trifle raw;  
Ah, what is so nice, I pray,  
As the garb of an Esquimaux?

Oh, a life on the yacht Jeannette!  
A home on the frozen deep!  
With the mercury down, you bet,  
Where butter has got to keep!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A TIGHT FIT—delirium tremens.—*Bradford Era*.

GARFIELD is going to Naples. "See Naples and die."—*New Haven Register*.

THE saddle-cloth of polo-ponies is now cut as a polo-neighs.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

WONDER the English do not establish a Zuluogical Garden in Africa.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

SARA BERNHARDT dresses elegantly, but is so thin that her clothes may be said to be next to nothing.—*Boston Post*.

CONGRESS, in destroying the business of our quinine makers, tears down the pillars of our own country.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

"HUSBAND means 'band of the house.'" We thought it was the mother-in-law who made all the music.—*Phila. Sunday Item*.

THE New York police, we believe, do not suspect Dr. Hull of committing the Seymour murder.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

It would just be Simon Cameron's luck to have Sara Bernhardt come here and claim him for a husband.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

IN Texas it is death to refuse a drink.—*Boston Post*. In Maine it is death to take one.—*Lewiston Gazette*. You mean in Lewiston.—*Bangor Commercial*.

THE wise country cousin now gets an account of the burning of his house inserted in the papers and sends it to his city relatives.—*Boston Post*.

"HABIT is second nature," said the dramatic critic, as he gazed at the burlesque actress arrayed in flesh-colored, close-fitting garments.—*Boston Post*.

JOKES on mothers-in-law, old maids, or Mary Walker, cucumbers, and Rev. Joseph Cook, not inserted in this paper for either love or money.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

MR. TALMAGE is still exciting great interest in England as the only American preacher who can twist his leg up over his shoulder and use it for a necktie.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

BEFORE departing for Europe, Senator Bayard tied a fifty pound weight to the State of Delaware to keep Philadelphia politicians from stealing it.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

MR. KEELY'S motor, it appears, has been fatally sunstruck. Mr. Edison should take warning and place a wet sponge in the hat of his electric light.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

HERE'S a nice question for the debating societies: Which would you rather be, an heir of Anneke Jans or the man who succeeds to the claimantship left vacant by the death of Prince Napoleon.—*Albany Evening Post*.

Boys, don't be deceived. A girl who will talk of the "limbs" of a table will, after marriage, chase you all around the ragged ramparts of a two-acre lot with a rolling-pin and a regular kerosene conflagration in both eyes.—*Wheeling Leader*.

THOSE Albany mules have arrived safely at South Africa. Cetywayo, for the first time since the commencement of hostilities, has visibly trembled. The only mule the British had was Lord Chelmsford, and he couldn't kick worth a cent.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* attributes Hanlan's success to skill in the use of his oars, great strength in comparison with lightness of physique, and presence of mind. This is correct, but the real cause of our boy's success is rapidity of motion and presence of body in front of the other fellow.—*Toronto Grip*.

"THERE was very little human nature about the young English. Lieutenant who ran away when the Prince Imperial was speared. All the rest of us would have stayed and got killed." Had any experience in trees? We have known many a brave heart carried far away from the shock of battle by an indifferently courageous pair of legs.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE *Boston Herald* suggests the establishment of beer-cellars as a cure for intemperance in London, and another authority declares that beer is much less injurious than coffee. Now we shall have some clerical person inquiring, "Will they have beer in heaven?" assuming the negative, and arguing thence that there is no place for beer on earth.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"MUST have been raining dry goods around here last night," said the old man as he picked up a couple of coat tails and the seat of a pair of pantaloons, in a very torn and ragged condition. And Emily Jane, his daughter, feels in her heart that dear Charles Augustus won't try to have any more cladestine interviews while that confounded dog is around—and pa won't allow her to receive him in an open manner.—*San Francisco Wasp*.

LADIES ought to enjoy reunions or banquets much better than men, because they can sit perfectly unconcerned and listen to all the good things that are being said without any danger of being called up unexpectedly to respond to a toast and being obliged to wish the toastmaster and all the rest of the company were at the bottom of the sea. And still some women grumble about the hard lot of feminine mortality.—*Rome Sentinel*.



## SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

All the world's a Bar,  
And all the men and women merely drinkers:  
They have their hiccups and their staggerings;  
And one man in a day drinks many glasses,  
His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman,

Steady and steadfast in his good resolves;  
And then the wine and bitters, appetiser,  
And pining, yearning look, leaving like a snail  
The comfortable bar. And then the arguments,  
Trying like Hercules with a wrathful frontage  
To refuse once more gin cocktail. Then the mystified,

Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice,  
Careless of honor, sodden, thick, and gutt'ral,  
Seeking the troubled repetition  
Even in the bottle's mouth; and then quite jovial,

In fair good humor while the world swims round,  
With eyeballs misty, while his friends him cut,  
Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings:  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into stupid, slipping drunken man  
With "blossoms" on his nose and bleary-eyed,  
His shrunken face unshaved, from side to side  
He rolls along; and his unmanly voice  
Husker than ever, fails and flies

And leaves him—staggering round. Last scene  
of all,  
That ends this true and painful history,  
Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion—  
Sans watch, sans chain, sans coin, sans every-  
thing.

—San Francisco News Letter.

DIED—at New York, Mr. E. A. Bibby.  
MARRIED—At St. Joseph, Mo., Miss Ottie Tootle.

Shed tears for Mr. Bibby,  
For Mr. E. A. Bibby,—  
You may have known him, mebbe?—  
Well, Mr. Bibby's dead;

The sad news is no fib, a  
Soft summer breeze is sibi-  
Lant in the grass exhibi-

Ted o'er his narrow bed.  
The mourners' salt tears dribble  
As this threnody I scribble,  
But if he's read his Bibbyle

His soul on high has fled.  
So do not weep for Bibby,  
For Mr. E. A. Bibby,  
But gently say, "Pax tibi,"

And dry the tears you've shed.  
Betray no sorrow futile—  
At such a time 'twere brutal—  
Because Miss Ottie Tootle

Has just been mar-ri-ed.  
To sounds of harp and flute'll  
Dance gay the whole caboodle  
Of wedding guests; her poodle

Will wear a ribbon red.  
With orange flowers and mottle\*  
They'll deck fair Ottie Tootle,  
And after her the old boot'll

For luck throw when she's fled.  
They'll drink her health a gootlet†  
Had I a *petite bouteille*‡  
Of Mumm, Miss Ottie Tootle

Should straightway be toast-ed.  
O may their joys be mutu'l,  
May they bill and coo like tittle-  
Doves||—may Miss Ottie Tootle

And the happy man she's wed.  
Hurrah for Ottie Tootle;  
'Rah for fair Ottie Tootle,  
Miss Tootle, Ottie, Tootle,

And the lucky man she's wed.  
—Chicago Tribune.

\*Myrtle, of course. †A good deal; it had to be spelled so to rhyme. ‡A small bottle; in Parree it would be pronounced *p'tee booteye*. ||Turtle-doves.

THE most soothing thing a man could do yesterday was to sit in the shade and sing the "Ninety and Nine."—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

EVE always enlists the sympathy of the gentler sex when they reflect that before marriage she never had a chance to play off another fellow against Adam.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

"HAVE you any objects of interest in the vicinity?" the tourist asked the Burlington man. "I have, I have," eagerly replied the other, "but I can't get at it to show it to you. It's a ninety days' note, and it's down in the bank now, drawing interest like a horse-race or a mustard-plaster." The traveler smiled as though an angel had kissed him. But it hadn't. —Burlington Hawkeye.

It is pretty hard to throw off old habits all at once. A Nebraska dealer in agricultural implements "got religion," felt it his duty to point out the way to others, and said to a farmer: "Brother Jones, I will guarantee that if you join our church you will not only find it the best in the market, but it will take you straight through without any further inventory. Give it a trial, and if not satisfactory I will take back your religion and refund your money."—Detroit Free Press.

News comes from Port au Prince, Hayti, that the people are shooting Senators, and the Senators are running away and getting shot as they run. Now, if some enterprising capitalist, who has his country's welfare at heart, would only import some of those patriotic and sensible people before the next session of Congress—but alas! that prospect is too blissful and rose-colored to be realized. Our poor country! Happy Hayti!—N. Y. Mail.

It doesn't take much of a mathematician to count flies, but for fear that some of our readers may not know what a fly is, and how they are weighed, we append the following table. Green-grocers will find it an excellent authority for weighing butter:

162	house-flies	one ounce.
2,592	" " "	pound.
259,200	" " "	hundred weight.
5,184,000	" " "	ton.

The reader may extract some consolation by pasting this on the bedroom wall, and studying it at night.—N. Y. Express.

### Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

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POND'S EXTRACT owes its wonderful success to merit alone. It is now acknowledged as a standard remedy, and is largely used by physicians in their every-day practice. Not a day passes without the "company" receiving some grateful acknowledgment particularly from persons cured of the following diseases: Sore Eyes, Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach and Womb, Piles, blind and bleeding, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc. Beware of imitations. Ask for POND'S EXTRACT—take no other.

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An excellent appetizing Tonic of exquisite flavor now used over the whole civilized world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, Colic and all disorders of the Digestive organs. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. —J. W. Hancock, U. S. Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, P. O. Box, 2610, N. Y. City.

## CHINKALYPTUS, "Thousand Dollar Acrostic."

Chills, chills, malarial chills!  
Hope there gleams for a man with these ills,  
If he speedily sends unto us,  
No physic taking but Chinkalypsus,  
Known it may be by its box of tin,  
Always with thirty-six pills within;  
Lovely pills, small, smooth and white,  
You'll surely find they will cure you quite.  
Palmetto on cover in blue you'll see,  
Together with crocodiles viewing the tree.  
Useless 't would be for us, to say more,  
So well's Chinkalypsus known at drug store.

Chinkalypsus is sold at retail by all druggists at 25 cents per box, or \$2.75 per family package of One Dozen. VICTOR E. MAUGER & PATRICK, General Agents, Nos. 104 to 110 Reade St., New York.

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THE FESTIVAL WILL COMMENCE AT 4 O'CLOCK, P. M.  
GRAND CONCERT

at 6½ P. M. by the full chorus of the Society and an Orchestra of  
120 Artists.—The Orchestra and two full Military Bands will provide  
Ball and Promenade Music. In the evening the Beach and  
Hotel Grounds will be brilliantly illuminated; also  
GRAND FIRE-WORKS!

### ADMISSION \$1.00

For the accommodation of visitors the OCEAN NAVIGATION-PIER  
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Prospect Park and Coney Island R. R. will run all night.

In case of unfavorable weather the Festival will be postponed to Friday, August 1st, 1879. The Committee.

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and sold by every first class dealer.

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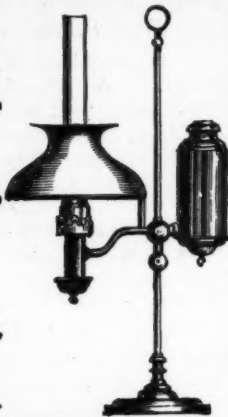
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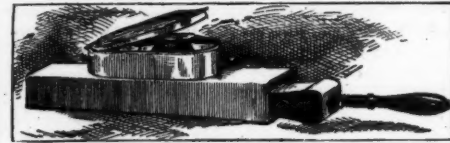
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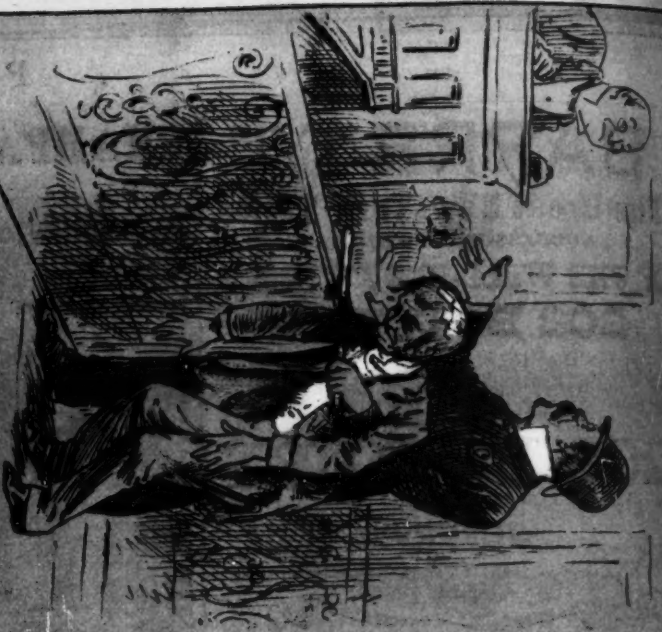
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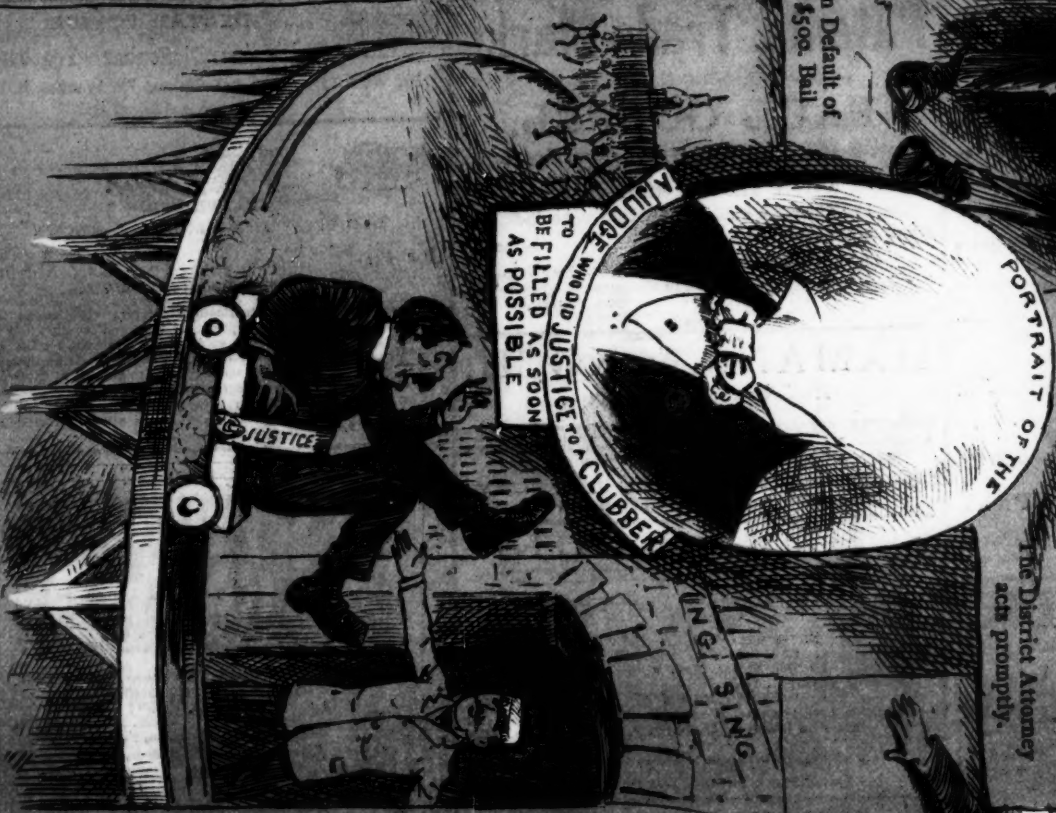


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